UNLOVED AND ALONE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The sea-dove some twin shadow has,
The lark has loves in seas of grass,
The wild beast trumpets back his vow,
The squirrel laughs along his bough;
But I, I am as alone, alas!
As yon white moon when white clouds pass,
As lonely and unloved, alas!
As clouds that weep and drop and pass.

Oh, maiden, singing silver sweet,
At cabin door, in field of corn,
Where woodbines twine for thy retreat—
Sing sweet through all thy summer morn,
For love is landing at thy feet,
In that fair isle in seas of corn.
But I, I am unloved and lorn,
As winter winds of winter morn.

The ships, black-bellied, climb the sea,
The seamen seek their loves on land,
And love and lover, hand in hand,
Go singing, glad as glad can be,
But nevermore shall love seek me.
By blowy sea or broken land,
By broken wild or willow tree,
Nay, nevermore shall love seek me.

THE GOLD DUST ROBBERY.

A Famous Theft and How It Was Accomplished.

Of late years there has been a marked increase in all crimes requiring superior intelligence rather than brute force for their successful accomplishment, and which can only be effected by the misapplied union of talent and education. Mr. Townsend, Q. C., Recorder of Macclesfield, in his "Modern State Trials" seeks to explain the phenomenon—in England at least—by the suggestion that the abolition of the death penalty for all crimes against property (a change which dates only from the time of Romilly) may have tempted persons of comparative refinement, of cool head and callous heart, to venture on forbidden ways of enriching themselves at the expense of their neighbors, when failure and detection would not involve their personal safety.

Among this class of crimes the great Bogle conspiracy holds a prominent place, as does the hardly less celebrated case known as the gold dust robbery, which was tried in London in January, 1857.

On May 15, 1855, three boxes, containing gold, were taken to the South-eastern Railway Company's station, at London Bridge, for the purpose of being conveyed to Paris. The boxes were bound with iron hoops or bars, and, after having been weighed and sealed, were placed, according to the usual practice, in iron safes. These safes were secured by Chubb's patent locks, duplicate keys of which were intrusted to confidential servants of the company at Folkestone, Boulogne, and Paris. As a further precaution, the guard of the train usually took the safes into his own van, and was thus enabled to see to their safety during the journey. On the night in question, one Burgess, who had been 15 years in the company's service, was the guard of the train, and in his van the iron safes were placed. On their arrival at Boulogne, the boxes were taken out of the safes and weighed, and the same process was again gone through at Paris. At the latter place it was ascertained that a considerable portion of the bullion had been abstracted from the boxes and a quantity of shot substituted for it, and on a comparison of the weight at different stages of the journey, it was found that the weights at Paris corresponded with those at Boulogne, but varied from those which were taken in London. From this it was evident that the robbery must have been committed between London and Boulogne, but further than this the strictest investigation appeared to afford no clew to the discovery of the criminals. In fact, nearly two years elapsed before the mystery was cleared up, and so skillfully had the crime been planned and executed that it even then became known only through dissension among the thieves themselves.

In October, 1855, a person of the name of Agar was tried and convicted of uttering a forged check, and sentenced to transportation for life. At the time of his arrest he had in his possession a considerable sum of money, amounting to several thousand pounds, and he arranged with William Pierce, a retired wholesale grocer residing in an elegant villa at Kilburn, that the latter should take possession of all his property, with the understanding that a woman in whom Agar was interested, and by whom he had a child, should be provided for out of its proceeds. This Pierce did for some time, but eventually, when Agar had been convicted, neglected his promises, and thus allowed the woman and her child to be reduced to a state of the greatest distress. This fact coming to the knowledge of Agar, he came forward and made public the whole circumstance of the robbery. The story he told was a graphic one, and a forcible illustration of the fact that in the present age a greater amount of talent and capital is invested in the pursuit of crime as a profession than ever before. The picture Agar drew of himself with his £3,000 in the 3 per cents. and Pierce with his villa at Kilbourn, both for a whole year rushing about in cabs, lodging at fashionable watering-places, and journeying up and down the Southeastern Railway with first-class tickets, was a view of criminal enterprise hardly to be looked for.

In consequence of his disclosures, on January 12, 1857, William Pierce, Burgess the guard, and a traffic-clerk named Tester, were placed at the bar, charged with stealing two hundred weight of gold, and Agar was called to the stand. He was a gentlemanly, well educated man of 41, who, by his own acknowledgment, had lived by crime since his thirtieth year. According to his own story he was neither enticed into wrong-doing by the accidents of special temptation, nor allured by the seductions of veteran offenders. That he might at one time have known want is possible, but he had evidently learned economy to some purpose, for, while in his last legitimate situation, he saved £500, which he carried with him when he left it. He frankly confessed that he had been more or less engaged in crime for 16 years, but what was its particular or prevailing character was more than could be elicited on examination. He had "been in the United States, where he speculated a good deal;" had "discounted bills," and had "received the proceeds of several forgeries." More remarkable, even, than the details of his grand *coup* is his plain acknowledgment that he was under no kind of pressure from any thing like poverty or destitution. "At this time," he said, "I was not in want of money;" an avowal which he presently expanded and confirmed by the admission that he possessed no less a sum than £3,000. The old proverb—"Ill-got, ill-spent"—did not hold good in his case, for it was all invested in Government securities. In fact, as the Judge who presided at the trial told the Jury, he seems to have been called into the case because of his professional talents, in the same way as an eminent lawyer or physician might have been.

Pierce, who, before he became a grocer, had been in the employ of the company, first broached the subject to Agar before his visit to the United States, but he then deemed it impracticable. Upon his return, Pierce asked him if he had thought any more of the robbery. Agar said he believed it would be impracticable unless an impression of the keys could be procured. Pierce then said he thought he could get an impression if Agar would undertake the business. This he agreed to do, it being understood that two other persons, Burgess and Tester, were to be connected with the affair. About twelve months before the robbery Agar went down to Folkestone to reconnoiter. Tester was at that time station master at Margate, and at his house Agar stayed over night. Tester showed the expert an iron safe with a Chubb lock at Margate Station, and asked if that would be of any service in making the keys. Agar explained that it would not, and Tester growled at the ill-luck which had caused the "job to be put up" so late. He was himself at one time in the Folkestone Station and could have got hold of the keys if needed. Agar, however, did not despair. On his return to London he suggested that Pierce and himself should take the sea air for a time, engaging apartments at Folkestone. They could thus watch the trains in and out, and see how the keys of the bullion-chest were to be got at. They accordingly took up their quarters, under assumed names, at a first-class house in Folkestone and stayed there a fortnight. Every day they went down to the harbor on the arrival of the tidal train from London, and of the Boulogne boat, and watched carefully to see what was done with the keys. This visit took place nearly a year before the robbery was accomplished. Owing to their presence at the station so often, the police took notice of them, and the Inspector followed Pierce. He "took him through the town," got away, and returned to London. Agar returned a few days later. Their trip had not been bootless; they had noticed the arrival and departure of the bullion-chest, and on one occasion saw it opened. It was placed on the platform, and a man named Sherman came and locked it with a key which was attached to a label from which another key was suspended. Agar saw Sherman take these into the station-house. About eight or nine months before the robbery it was again arranged that he should go to Folkestone. Tester met him, as if by chance, and introduced him to Sherman. The latter, however, turned out to be "a very sedate young man," and no information could be gleaned from him. The matter now rested for a while, and it seemed as if it must be abandoned, when Tester, who was then in the London office, wrote that one of the duplicate keys was lost, that the chest was going to Messrs. Chubb's to have the combination changed and new keys fitted, and that he was to take charge of the matter, and to receive the new keys from Chubb's. Pierce and Agar met him by appointment at a beer-shop in Tooley Street; he brought the new key with him, Agar retired to a bed-room, took an impression of it, and returned it to Tester, who hurried around to the office without exciting any suspicion by his delay.

This stroke of good luck encouraged the confederates, though it was but a single step gained. As only one key had been lost, only one lock had been overhauled (each safe had two), and the key of the other had never been in Tester's possession. It must be got hold of, and the way in which this was done is one of the boldest strokes the friends attempted. The man at Folkestone who had charge of the keys and his assistant used occasionally, on the arrival of the Boulogne boat, to leave the station-house unoccupied for some ten minutes. The lock of the building was a common one, and with an ordinary assortment of skeleton keys they could not fail to open it in a moment. It was necessary, however, to ascertain whereabouts in the station-house the safe-key was kept. Agar, therefore, went to Folkestone, and, under an assumed name of Adam, took lodgings at the Pavilion Hotel. While there, Pierce forwarded him a box containing £300 in sovereigns (advanced by Agar for the purpose). On a Monday he called at the station, his box appeared on the way bill, and one Chapman, then in charge of the office, took the key from a cupboard, opened the safe, and gave the sovereigns to Agar.

He now had all the information he required. He returned to London, and in company with Pierce went down to Dover by a train, arriving at midday. They walked over to Folkestone, reaching there before the boat came in. They walked about the pier till she arrived, when Chapman and his assistant left the office for the pier. The confederates hurried to the door—fortune favored them—it was not even locked. While Pierce watched outside, Agar entered, hurriedly took an impression of the key and then both left the office before the return of the station-master. They hurried to Dover, and back to London the same day.

Upon their return Agar had some blank keys made, and began to file them down to the size of the impression he had taken. It was weary work. He commenced at Pierce's, but, having made up an old quarrel with his mistress, Fannie Kay, he hired a house at Cambridge Villas, and there finished his task. A new actor now made his appearance on the scene; Burgess was made acquainted with all that had been done. "It is a good job," said he, "and I will do my best to help you." The next step was to fit the keys to the locks of the bullion-chest, and Agar made some seven or eight trips with Burgess in the van before he succeeded in so doing.

A year had now passed in constant preparation, and, in order to secure a fitting reward for their toil and trouble, the confederates determined to wait until at least 12,000 pounds went down the line. The final arrangements were made. Pierce and Agar went to a shot tower beyond Hungerford suspension bridge and purchased 200 pounds of shot, which they carried to Cambridge Villas in eight-pound and four-pound check bags. The smaller packets were put in four courier-bags made of drab leather, which buckled high up around the body and were concealed by short capes. A small black leather bag, large enough to admit a bar of bullion of the standard size, was also provided for Tester, who was to go on to Redhill, there receive part of the gold, and convey it to London. Every thing being in readiness for the robbery, Agar and Pierce met nightly at London bridge to watch for their opportunity. For a week there was no chance, but on the eighth day they heard from Tester that there was a large consignment soon to be sent down the line, though he could not ascertain the precise day.

The friends buckled on their courier-bags, took two large bags—"dummies"—in each of which was a smaller one, with a quantity of hay, and, hiring a cab, drove in the evening to St. Thomas Street. Agar got out and walked toward the station; Burgess came to the door and wiped his face. It was a preconcerted signal, and he and Pierce purchased their tickets and hurried to the train. The latter put his luggage in charge of Burgess, and got into a first-class carriage, while Agar walked up and down the platform until the train started, then jumped unobserved into the van, where he crouched down into a corner, and Burgess threw his apron over him.

No sooner was the train fairly under way than the energetic Agar commenced operations. He opened one safe and took out a wooden box fastened with nails and iron bands and sealed. He had provided himself with pincers, boxwood wedges, sealing-wax, and a taper. He quickly pried open the box, took out four gold bars, put one in Tester's bag and three in the carpet bags. He then filled it up with shot, fastened and sealed it. By this time the train had reached Redhill. Tester made his appearance. Burgess handed him his bag, and he started back for London. Agar then opened some large safes, and several small ones, known as Californians. Having secured all he thought he and Pierce could carry, he filled the boxes with shot, closed and sealed them, and returned them to the safes. The debris was swept up, and when the train reached Folkestone, Pierce and Agar buckled on their courier-bags and took the valise out of Burgess' van. The safes were taken from the train at Folkestone, but the confederates remained on board till they reached Dover, where they put up at the Dover Castle Hotel. The waiter asked them if they wanted beds. "No," said Agar, "we go back to London by the 2 a. m. train." He then walked to the pier and threw all his tools into the sea.

After supper they walked to the railway, and on the porter asking to see their tickets they presented the Ostend ones, which they had procured. In this they were somewhat overshrewd, and nearly brought about their own detection, for the porter, surprised at the sight of the tickets and bags, said that no luggage had passed through the custom house that day, and he supposed that he ought to call the Inspector. "No," answered Agar, "we came yesterday;" and he closed the porter's eyes by slipping a sovereign into his hand, and they passed on to the cars.

On their way back they opened the large bags, took out the hay, and hid the bags behind the door of the waiting-room at one end of the station at which they stopped. The gold was then in the small carpet and courier-bags. On reaching London they took a cab and ordered the driver to take them to the Great Western Station, but before reaching that place explained that they had made a mistake and directed him to drive to Euston Square. They got out at a public house and dismissed the cab, but Pierce a few moments later engaged another, in which they were conveyed to the neighborhood of Crown Terrace. They here dismissed the second cab, and took their bags into Pierce's house.

The American gold coin was sold next day, but the rest of the plunder was in an inconvenient shape, and these indefatigable rascals resolved to recast it. It was removed to Agar's house, and they set about building a furnace in the first floor, back. They took up some of the stones on the floor for that purpose, and replaced them with fire-bricks. Fanny Kay was kept out of the room, but she testified that for days Agar and Pierce remained there at work; that she constantly heard a noise like the roaring of a furnace, and when they appeared at meals they were hot and dirty. In removing one of the crucibles it broke, and the gold ran over the floor. Small particles of it adhered to the bricks, four of which were produced in Court.

When they had melted the gold and run it into ingots, they commenced to sell it little by little, and this operation was going on when Agar was arrested for another offense. By this time the confederates had each received £700 in notes for gold sold, and there was a great deal not disposed of. It was all sold, however, before the trial, and the proceeds divided, except £2,300 in Turkish bonds. Before his arrest Agar had again quarreled with Fanny, and the treasure was removed from his house to a new and elegant villa which Pierce had purchased at Kilbourn, and hidden in a hole dug in the floor of a pantry under the front steps. The police there found £600 in gold, £2,200 in Turkish bonds, £3,000 in Government securities, besides bonds and mortgages, bank-notes and other securities to the amount of £15,000. Much of this was Agar's private property, left with Pierce to support Fanny Kay, and in regard to the embezzlement thereof Baron Martin, in sentencing the prisoner, said that he "would rather have been concerned in stealing the gold than in the robbery of that wretched woman and her child."

The prisoners were duly found guilty and sentenced, and then there arose the somewhat perplexing question as to what should be done with the recaptured plunder. A host of claimants struggled for its posession. The Attorney-general demanded it as a prerogative of the crown. The city of London insisted on a clause in its charter which gave it a title to the goods of all felons convicted in that city. The Southeastern Railway advanced the theory that it was the proceeds of the property stolen from them, its nature changed, but its title undiverted.

One Saward, who was counsel for the prisoners, set up a lien on it for his fees, while Mrs. Tester and Fanny Kay each claimed a share.

After an extended argument, the railway company was allowed to take whatever it could prove conclusively to be the direct fruits of the robbery of which it had been the victim. The residue was turned over to Sir Richard Mayne, Chief Commissioner of Police, with the understanding that it should be applied to the support of Fanny Kay and her child.

A Word to Parents.

Not long ago a teacher in one of our public schools was convicted of having had in his possession certain vile pamphlets and pictures, which he used for the demoralization of his pupils. The man's sentence was a heavy one, but there was probably no father or mother in New York who would not willingly have doubled it, to be sure that their children were safe from the corrupting influence of such a monster. We wish to warn them, as we have warned them before, that there is just as corrupting an influence daily set before children who pass through the streets on their way to school, which parents appear strangely to ignore. We mean the flash newspapers and cheap novels which are offered for sale to half-grown boys and girls by their venders, or thrust gratuitously into their hands as they pass, with the certainty that they will buy the succeeding numbers. Very few girls and fewer boys, unless they have been forewarned, can resist the tempting dramatic pictures of kneeling women with streaming hair, bravos armed to the teeth, etc., etc. The opening chapters seem harmless enough, and the boy or girl, reared most probably in a refined and Christian home, plunges unchecked into this offal of kitchen literature.

These papers and magazines to which we advert would not strictly fall under the prohibition against obscene publications, and so they manage to escape the law; but the views of life they present are those taken from the grog-shop and gambling hell; their very atmosphere is crime. A boy who would be simply disgusted by the open vice in publications which the law prohibits accepts the concealed poison in these without suspicion. When we read (as in our exchanges of last week) of murderers of fourteen years old, of burglars of nine, of delicately reared girls in the first bloom of innocent youth leaving their homes and coming to this city in the mad desire for adventure, to be rescued on the very verge of ruin, we can trace the motive cause in every case to these publications, or their dramatization on the boards of variety theaters. In even the best class of juvenile literature belonging to the present day there is too much of fever and unrest. The child's brain, crammed and forced at school, is still further heated by tales of wild adventure or fantastic improbability. Robinson Crusoe and the Parents' Assistant are voted dull by our boys; even Scott's magic wand moves too slowly to enchant them. But if our best juvenile literature be thus open to criticism, what is to be said of this the worst and lowest deep?

We speak this warning advisedly to parents. It would be well if they would pay closer attention not only to the books which are bought for them to study at school, but to those which they buy themselves to study outside.—*New York Tribune.*

"What's in a Name?"

There are some curious specimens of nomenclature in the list of members to the Forty-fifth Congress. Hilary A. Herbert is the name of a member from Alabama. Romualdo Pacheco comes in from the Fourth California District by one vote; Dabney is the surname of one of the Georgia delegation; Gabe Bouck comes from Wisconsin; Ashcroft is from Illinois; Benoni Fuller will come from Indiana, and Sobrieski Ross from Pennsylvania. There will be two Willises—one from New York and one from Kentucky. Elam is the name of a Louisiana member, Muldrow that of a Mississippi member; Bland was re-elected from Missouri, and the Nevada member's name is Wren. From New York we have Solomon Bundy, the name of a hero in nursery rhymes, and a man named Tramper. From Virginia will come a man named Pridemore, from Iowa Mr. Sapp, and from Wisconsin Mr. Bragg and Mr. Pound. In the present Congress there are three Harrises, and two each of Baker, Bagley, Brown, Burchard, Caldwell, Clarke, Clark, Hamilton, Hewitt, Jones, Landers, Mackey, Phillips, Vance, Walker, Wallace, Wells, Wilson, and Wood. In the next Congress there will be four Clarkes, three Evanses, three Harrises, and three Townsends. The list of doubles is as follows: Baker, Cox, Caldwell, Davis, Finley, Hewitt, Jones, Patterson, Rice, Smith Stone, White, and Willis. Scott Wike is the most peculiar name on the rolls of the present House. Gabe Bouke, of Wisconsin, will probably be so noticed in the next Congress. Milton will be the most common Christian name; there will be five Miltons.—*Washington Cor. Graphic.*

—Newspaper enterprise is not appreciated in France. A reporter of the Paris *Figaro* was anxious to get conclusive news of an interesting murder case, and, calling on the surgeon who had examined the victim, he obtained the doctor's report by representing himself as a police agent. The *Figaro* got ahead of its cotemporaries, but the enterprise of the reporter was rewarded by 15 days in jail.

How a Fashionable Wedding Came to be Postponed.

The Church of the Messiah, on Ninth and Olive Streets, opened wide its doors Thursday evening and a throng of fashionable people gathered within. There was the rustle and murmur betokening animated femininity, and a look of expectancy on every face, indicative of a pleasing event soon to be. Half a glance was enough to inform the initiated it was a prospective wedding that had drawn all these people into the house of worship on an unusual evening. The time for the ceremony came and passed, and patience gave out entirely. At last the word passed down the aisle that the wedding was off for the present, and those who had come tripping in smiling and expectant went away with their wonder-stricken faces, expressing, louder than words, the universal interrogative, "What does it mean?"

Dr. C. D. Owens and Miss Julia Wilgus were to have been married Thursday evening at the Church of the Messiah, and the preparations had progressed to a stage which made the consummation of the ceremony but a matter of a short ride, a march up the long aisle, and a few solemn words at the altar. Dr. Owens is a young physician who came here from South Carolina, a few years ago, and has moved in good society, being considered an honorable and spirited gentlemen. Miss Wilgus is a lady belonging to an old and highly respectable family, having connections with some of the wealthiest people in the city. She is an heiress, having been left a snug property of $80,000, or thereabouts, by her uncle, who was a painter and lived in St. Louis a great many years.

The marriage has been in prospect for some time, but it is said that well meaning friends of Miss Wilgus interfered somewhat and endeavored to dissuade her from her intended nuptials. Failing in this it was suggested that a contract should be entered into by which the bridegroom should make certain pledges respecting the property of the lady. Dr. Owens, so the story runs, treated the matter delicately, and intimated that he was willing and wished to pursue a perfectly honorable course.

The preparations for the marriage went on up to a late hour Thursday. The contract was prepared by a lawyer, and previous to the time set for the ceremony it was presented to Dr. Owens to sign. The course pursued seemed to that gentleman to savor rather strongly of the practical, and in the course of the conversation the impression was conveyed that the marriage would be conditional upon the signing of the contract. Dr. Owens looked upon this as an affront, and plainly intimated that he considered such a requirement an imputation upon his honor; it was putting him in the light of a man whose word could not be taken, even by the one whose confidence and trust should be implicit.

At the residence of Miss Wilgus and her mother, on Fourteenth and Pine Streets, the bridesmaids assembled, and every thing was ready for the departure for the church. Only the bridegroom tarried. An attorney was sent in search of him and found him seated in his office, coolly smoking a cigar. He quietly reiterated his position, declining to sign the contract under such circumstances, although at the same time declaring his willingness and intention to leave the lady perfectly free as regarded her property. The messenger returned. In the distracting conference that followed, time slipped away. The young lady was in the hands of her friends, and they acted for her. Word was sent to the church of an unavoidable postponement, the bridal veil and orange blossoms were put aside and the bridesmaids went home. Not the least awkward feature was the really grand collection of wedding gifts which had been sent, in unusual profusion and costliness, by the friends of the young couple. Society's conclusion is brief but comprehensive: "It is very unfortunate; what are they going to do about it?"—*St. Louis Times.*

Popular Mistakes about War.

"A popular impression has gained currency that General Hooker succeeded in surprising General Lee at the battle of Chancellorsville, in his crossing of the river Rappahannock. General Lee said to me during the ten days I staid with him in 1867: 'I was much surprised to see your history of that battle favor such an idea. It was no secret move of General Hooker's. As he was situated, it was impossible to tell whether he menaced Fredericksburg or my communications. I had to wait till he showed his hand, as he did in crossing the river, to make proper preparations to oppose him. Indeed, real surprises in war are much less common than is usually supposed.'" With the above incident, in his lecture, "Reminiscences of a War Correspondent," delivered before the Brooklyn Teachers' Association Friday afternoon, Professor William Swinton, an ex-war correspondent, illustrated how necessary it is for historians to carefully study both sides. "The common misconceptions of what battles really are, are sometimes very ludicrous," said the lecturer. "An artist once asked me to criticise his picture of General Sheridan as he appeared directly after his famous ride. General Sheridan was made to appear like a very Mars, whom he does not much resemble. He has more of a Punch and Judy element in his character. In the picture he sat on a colossal charger, was dressed in faultless garb, had epaulettes and a typical military hat with white plume, and flourished in his hand the traditional 'brand.' His soldiers were in the form of a beautiful phalanx. I felt like turning three or four somersaults round the studio, but contented myself with telling the artist that his picture would more truly represent the original if Sheridan were painted with a crumpled army cap, with spatters of mud instead of spangles on his clothes, and his men in two small irregular lines behind trees, stumps and rocks." "A respected New York City editor, now deceased," continued the lecturer, "visited the front with a stove-pipe hat. The hat became the immediate subject for fun and chaffing. 'Come out of that,' one soldier says. Another, 'I know you're in it, because I see your legs dangling down.' Still another: 'Boys, he's one of them fellows that goes up North and writes cords about us bein' eager for the fray.' In one of General Grant's most important interviews with General Sheridan the conversation ran much like this: 'Are you ready, Phil?' 'Yes.' 'Well, go in!' Scores of important interviews between generals were no more magniloquent than this."—*New York World.*

The Distance to the Sun.

Light, which travels with amazing velocity, required eight minutes to reach the earth. Sound would require fourteen years to travel from the sun to the earth, so that if we saw an explosion at its surface it would be fourteen years before we could hear it. But if we could place a rod of iron from the earth to the sun and then strike it with a hammer on one end the sound would reach the opposite end in about eleven months. But perhaps the most singular illustration of the sun's distance was drawn from the human economy. Sensation took a certain time to travel to the nerve centers, and if we could imagine a human infant with an arm long enough to reach the sun it would take 150 years for the sensation to reach him after burning his fingers; in other words, he would be dead several years before the sensation of burning could reach him. The sun's distance was so inconceivable that it was only by making such comparisons that we could form any idea of it at all.—*Professor Young's Lecture.*